

GUNNER DEPEW

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MEMBER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OF FRANCE
CAPTAIN GUN TURRET, FRENCH BATTLESHIP CASSARD
WINNER OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Also, by this time some of the men had lost their heads completely; in fact, had gone violently crazy, and the rest of us were afraid of them. We were all thinking of the fight that might occur any moment between the Yarrowdale and some other vessel and we knew we were in the likeliest place for the vessel to be struck. Even though we were not hit ourselves, if the ship were sinking we did not think the Germans would give us a chance to escape. We figured from what they had said that we would go down with the ship. And going down on a ship in which you are a prisoner is quite different from going down with one for which you have been fighting. You arrive at the same place, but the feeling is different.

Some of us thought of overpowering the crew and taking the vessel into our own hands, and we got the rest of the sane or nearly sane men together and tried to get up a scheme for doing it. I was strong for the plan and so were several others, but the Limey officers who were with us advised against it. They said the Germans were taking us to a neutral country, where we would be interned, which was just what the Germans had told us, but what few of us believed.

Then some others said that if we started anything the Germans would fire the time bombs. We replied that at least the Germans would go west with us, but they could not see that there was any glory in that. For myself, I thought the Germans would not fire the bombs until the last minute, and that we would have a chance at the boats before they got all of us anyway. There were only thirteen German sailors on board, besides their commander. This last Hun was named Badewitz.

So the pacifists ruled, because we could not do anything unless we were all together, and there was no mutiny. They said we were hotheads, the rest of us, but I still think we could have made a dash for it and overpowered our sentries, and either gone over the side with the lifeboats, or taken over the whole ship. It would have been better for us if we had tried, and if the pacifists had known what was coming to us they would have fired the time bombs themselves rather than go on into that future. However, that is split milk.

We were not allowed to open the portholes while we were in the bunkers, under penalty of death, and there in the dark, in that stinking air, it is no wonder many of us went crazy. Among us was a fellow named Harrington, about six feet tall and weighing 250 pounds. He seemed to be all right mentally, but some of us thought afterwards he was crazy. Anyway, I do not blame him for what he did. Harrington rushed up the fiddle and opened the door. There was a German sentry there, and Harrington made a swing at him and then grabbed his bayonet. The sentry yelled and some others came down from the bridge and shot Harrington through the hand. After they had beaten Harrington pretty badly, the bull of the bunch, Badewitz himself, came over and hammered Harrington all around the deck. Then they put him in irons and took him to the chart room.

The next day we were sitting in the fiddle getting warm when the door opened and there was Badewitz. He yelled "Heraus!" and began firing at us with a revolver, so we beat it back onto the coal. Pretty soon the door opened again. But it was only a German sentry. He threw down a note. It was written in English and read, "Pick out eight men for cooks." So we picked out eight men from the various vessels and they went on deck and rigged up a galley aft.

But we did not receive any knives, forks, spoons or plates. The first meal we got was nothing but macaroni, piled up on pieces of cardboard boxes. Then we appointed four men to serve the macaroni, and they got four pieces of wood, the cleanest we could find, which was not very clean at that, and they dug around in the macaroni and divided it up and put it in our hands. We had to eat it after that from our grimy fingers. Those who were helped first had to go farthest back on the coal to eat it, and those who were helped last got less, because the dividers got more careful toward the end and gave smaller portions.

But we did not get macaroni very long. A cook from the Voltare was cleaning a copper dixe that the macaroni had been cooked in, and he was holding it over the side when the vessel rolled heavily, and dropped the dixe into the briny. A sentry who saw him drop it forced him up to

Badewitz, who began mauling him before the sentry even had told his story. After a while Badewitz quit pounding the cook, and listened to the sentry. Then Badewitz said the cook had put a note in the dixe before he dropped it, so they beat him up again and put him in irons. After that they sent the rest of the cooks back, and would not let them on deck again. They had plenty of canned goods and meat aboard, but they would not give us any.

Five of the men were buried at sea that day. More men were going mad every minute, and it was a terrible place; pitch dark, grimy, loose coal underfoot, coal-dusty air to breathe, body-filth everywhere. Some of the crazy men howled like dogs. But we were not as much afraid of these as we were of the others who kept still, but slipped around in the dark with lumps of coal in their hands. We got so we would not go near each other for fear we were running into a crazy man. Those of us who were sane collected as near the fiddle as we could, and we would not let the others get near us, but shoved them back or shielded lumps of coal at them. And every once in a while some one of us would begin to act queer. Maybe he would let out a howl suddenly, without any warning. Or he would just quit talking and begin to sneak around. Or he would squat down and begin to mumble. We could not tell just when a man had begun to lose his mind. He would seem just like the rest of us, because none of us was much better than a beast.

We could not take turns sleeping and standing watch against the crazy men, because when we talked about it, we agreed that none of us could tell whether or not the sentries would go crazy while on watch and have the rest of us at their mercy. It was awful to talk about going crazy in this way, and to figure that you yourself might be the next, and that it was almost sure to happen if you did not get some sleep soon. But it was worse to find a man near you going, and have to boot him out with the other insane men.

The days passed like that, with nothing to do but suffer, and starve and freeze. It got colder and colder, and all we could wrap ourselves in was the coal. We began to speculate on where we were. It was not till later than an old skipper in our bunch told us that we had rounded the northern coast of Iceland.

Finally, one day, a lad yelled down "Land!" and we all dove for the fiddle like wild men, and those who could get near enough looked out, and sure enough! there was the coast of Norway, very rugged and rocky and covered with snow. We thought it was all over then, and that we would be landed at Bergen sure. Then there was the usual running around and yelling on deck, and we were not so sure we would be landed, and very suddenly it got colder than ever.

I was in the fiddle, aching to get out, and ready for anything that might happen, when the door opened



None of Us Was Much Better Than a Beast.

suddenly and Badewitz grabbed me, and asked me in English if I was a quartermaster. I said yes, and he pulled me by the arm to a cabin. I did not know what was going to happen, but he took an oilskin from the wall and told me to put it on.

There were two sailors there also, and they put life belts on, and then I was more puzzled than ever, and scared, too, because I thought maybe they were going to throw me overboard, though what that had to do

with being a quartermaster I could not see.

But they drilled me up onto the bridge and told me to take the wheel. What their idea was I do not know. Possibly they wanted a noncombatant at the wheel in case they were overhauled by a neutral vessel. We were going full speed at the time, but as soon as I took the wheel she cut down to half speed, and stayed that way for half an hour. Then up to full speed again.

Pretty soon there was a tramp steamer on the starboard bow, and almost before I saw it, there were two more sentries on each side of me, prodding me with their revolvers and warning me to keep on the course. They had civilian clothes on.

Then we went through the Skager Rack and Cattegat, which are narrow strips of water leading to the Baltic, and we were only a mile from shore with vessels all about us. It would have been an easy thing for me to signal what our ship was and who were aboard, but they had six sentries on my neck all the time to keep me from it. I never wanted to do anything worse in my life than jump overboard or signal. But I would have been shot down before I had more than started to do either, so I just stayed with the wheel.

We were nearing one of the Danish Islands in the Baltic when we sighted a tug. She began to smoke up and blow her siren. The sailors got very excited and ran around in crazy style, and Badewitz began shouting more orders than they could get away with. The sentries left me and ran with the rest of the Fritzies to the boat deck and started to lower one of the lifeboats. But Badewitz was right on their heels and kicked the whole bunch around in great shape, roaring like a bull all the time.

I left the wheel and ran to the end of the bridge, to jump overboard. But the minute I let go of the wheel the vessel fell off of the course, and they noticed it, and Badewitz sent five of them up on the bridge and three others to the side with their revolvers to shoot me if I should reach the water. I think if I had had any rope to lash the wheel with I could have got away and they would not have known it.

When the five sailors reached the bridge one of them jumped for the cord and gave our siren five long blasts in answer to the tug. The tug was about to launch a torpedo, and we whistled just in time. One of our men was looking from the fiddle, and he saw the Huns making for the lifeboats, so he got two or three others and they all yelled together, "Don't let them get away!" thinking that they would get the boat over and leave the ship, and trying to yell loud enough for the tug to hear them. Badewitz took this man and two or three others, whether they were the ones who yelled or not, and beat them up and put them in irons. I thought there was going to be a mutiny aboard, but it did not come off, and I am not sure what the Huns were so excited about.

The other four sailors who came up on the bridge did not touch me, but just kept me covered with their revolvers. That was the way with them—they would not touch us unless Badewitz was there or they had bayonets. The old bull himself came up on the bridge after he had beaten up a few men, threw me around quite a bit and kicked me down from the bridge and slammed me into the coal bunkers. I felt pretty sore, as you can imagine, and disappointed and pretty low generally.

After a while we heard the anchor chains rattling through on their way to get wet, and we pulled up. Then every German ship in the Baltic came up to look us over, I guess. They opened up the hatch covers, and the Hun garbles and gold-stripes came aboard and looked down at us, and spit all they could on us, and called us all the different kinds of swine in creation. They had them lined up and firing past the hatchways—all of them giving us the once over in turn. Maybe they sold tickets for this show—it would be like the Huns.

At first we were milling around trying to get out from under the hatch openings and the shower of spit, but some Limey officer sang out, "Brits! Don't give way!" and we stood still and let them spit their damned German lungs out before we would move for them, and some Cornishmen began singing their song about Trelawney. So we made out that we did not know such a thing as a German ever lived.

We got better acquainted with German spitting later on, and believe me, they are great little spitters, not much on distance or accuracy, but quick in action and well supplied with ammunition. Spitting on prisoners is the favorite indoor and outdoor sport for Germans, men and women alike.

When the show was over, they rousted us up on deck and put us to work throwing the salt pork and canned goods into two German mine-layers. While we were at it, a Danish patrol boat came out and tied alongside us, and some of her officers came aboard and saw us. They knew we were prisoners-of-war, and they knew that a vessel carrying prisoners-of-war must not remain in neutral waters for over twenty-four hours, but they did not say anything about it.

That night two men named Barney Hill and Joyce, the latter a gunner from the Mount Temple, sneaked up on deck and aft to the poop deck. There was a pair of wooden stairs leading to the top of the poop deck, and Joyce and Hill lifted it and got it over the side with a rope to it. The two of them got down into the water all right, but Joyce let out a yell because the water was so cold, and a

German patrol boat heard him and flashed a searchlight. They picked up Joyce right away, but Barney was making good headway and was almost free when they dragged him in. They beat them up on the patrol boat, and when they put them back on the Yarrowdale Badewitz beat them up some more and put them in irons. Then he began to shoot at their feet with his revolver, and he had a sailor stand by to hand him another revolver when the first one was empty. Then he would gash their faces with the barrel of the revolver and shout, "I'm Badewitz. I'm the man who fooled the English," and shoot at them some more.

All the while the sailors were celebrating, drinking and eating, and yelling, as usual, and the whistles on all the German ships were blowing, and they were having a great fest. After about thirty hours we left, being escorted by a mine-layer and a minesweeper. I asked a German garby if that was the whole German navy, and he looked surprised and did not know I was kidding him, and said no. Then I said, "So the English got all the rest, did they?" and he handed me one in the mouth with his bayonet hilt, so I quit kidding him.

We saw rows and rows of mines, and the German sailors pointed out what they said were H. M. SS. Lion and Nomad, but I do not know whether



A Cup of Water for Our New Year's Dinner.

er they were the same ones that were in the Jutland battle or not. Finally we landed at Swinemunde just as the bells were ringing the old year out and the new year in. We were a fine bunch of blackbirds to hand the Kaiser for a New Year's present, believe me.

They mustered us up on deck, and each of us got a cup of water for our New Year's spree. Then we saw we were in for it, and all hope gone, but we were glad to be released from our hole, because we had been prisoners since December 10—three days on the Moewe and eighteen on the Yarrowdale—and the coal was not any softer than when we first sat on it.

So we began singing, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, boys, smile. What's the use of worrying? It's never worth while," and so forth. They made us shut up, but not before we asked ourselves if we were downhearted, and everybody yelled "No!"

And that is how we gave our regards to Swinemunde.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Pack Up Your Troubles." We arrived at Swinemunde, on the east bank, and after we had had our drink of water and had been rousted back into the bunkers, Badewitz went across to the west side in a launch with Joyce and Hill and a guard of sailors. They were to be shot the next morning, with some others, at a public shooting-fest. The rest of us wrapped ourselves in lumps of coal as best we could and tried to sleep.

In the morning crowds of Germans came aboard us and were turned loose on the boxes in the hold. It was a sight to see them rip off the covers and gobble the salami and other stuff that we carried. Table manners are not needed when there is no table, I guess, but if you had seen them, you would say these Germans did not even have trough manners. I have seen hogs that were more finicky.

While they were at it, hand to hand with the chow, giving and receiving terrible punishment, we prisoners were mustered on deck, counted, kicked onto tugs and transferred to the west bank, where the mob was waiting for us. My wounds, as you can imagine, were in a pretty bad state by this time, and were getting more painful every minute, so that I found I was getting ugly and anxious for an argument. I knew that if I stayed this way I would probably never come out alive, for there is every chance you could want to pick a quarrel while you are a prisoner that will mean freedom for you—but only the freedom of going west, which I was not anxious to try.

When we got near the west bank, on the tugs, we could see that we were up against a battle with our arms tied. Over half the crowd was women and children, I should say, and the rest were laborers and old civvies, and reserve soldiers, and roughnecks generally. We could see the spit experts—the spit snipers, deployed to the front, almost.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fully nine-tenths of our troubles would vanish if we didn't talk so much.

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

HOW ALCOHOL ENSLAVES.

"Why should the drinking of alcoholic beverages be habit-forming and not the drinking of soda or milk? What, if anything, makes alcohol different than any other substance in this respect?"

In a recent number of American Medicine, Dr. Carl Scheffel of Boston presents these questions. He answers them thus:

"In the formation of the drink-habit the same mental factors play an important role as in the formation of any other habit, but in the addiction to alcohol these normal psychological factors are tremendously influenced by the toxic action of alcohol itself, in that it narcotizes certain brain structures and interferes with their normal functions in a very definite manner. . . . Under these circumstances the mind can no longer be considered as sound, for the controlling ideas are no longer able to inhibit opposite ideas and there is great danger of chance intrusions entering consciousness to the detriment of the individual.

"In drunkenness the person's field of consciousness has been greatly diminished by the toxic action of alcohol, and in hypnotism the same mental state has been produced by the suggestions of the operator. In drunkenness the subject is controlled by the sight, smell, taste, and desire for alcohol, just as the hypnotized subject is controlled by the verbal or written suggestions of the operator. . . .

"The intemperate man finds in alcohol a desire and temptation that he cannot overcome alone and unaided. Once alcohol has become master of the personality, the threshold stimulus required for its subsequent indulgence has become greatly lowered, and as repeated actions have accumulative influence, a man may easily become a chronic alcoholic."

DRINKING WINE.

"You must drink wine in France" is an injunction that enjoins, says Association Men, organ of the Young Men's Christian association. "There is little difficulty and less expense in getting water that is pure or can be made safe by boiling or filtering, and that is cheaper and safer than the 'plain red wine of the country.' Every American camp has its properly protected water supply. One of the most pernicious hallucinations that has ever struck men going over to France is that they must change their habits, their principles and their way of thinking, when they reach continental Europe. No man will be handicapped by puritanical habits. Our men who have been in France for months come back robust and strong who have never touched wine. Bishop McConnell and others declare that this talk about the necessity of drinking wine is all tommy rot. When a man breaks from the settled habits of his lifetime, drops the standards that he has stood by, whether it is wine drinking, cigarette smoking, clean speech or stern standards, he loses his grip on other men as well as himself. No man can put on religion as he puts on a cloak in France. It has got to be the genuine thing or it is soon discovered and despised. The strain of the work and the temptations of the country overcome him—and to which more than one man has fallen," says Association Men, organ of the Young Men's Christian association.

BOOZE INSTEAD OF BREAD.

The New York Tribune gives the following figures showing the amount of food sacrificed to drink during one year:

Four million people could have been supplied with rye bread for 100 days. Fifty-six million people could have been supplied with cornmeal for 100 days.

Sixteen million people could have been supplied with rice for 100 days.

One hundred million people could have been supplied with 18 pounds of rice each.

One hundred million people could have been supplied with one gallon of molasses each.

Two hundred and eight million two hundred thousand loaves of bread could have been made from the rye.

PROHIBITION CITIES LEAD THE NATION IN BANK INCREASES.

Bradstreet's report of bank clearings in 100 cities shows prohibition cities well in the lead in the rate of increase. The list is headed by Tulsa with a percentage of increase of 88; after it comes Muskogee with 70. Oklahoma City with 69.3, Atlanta with 59.5, Richmond with 54, Wichita with 49.2, Denver with 43.4. The highest wet city is St. Joseph, with 41.3, which is eighth in the list.

A CAUSE FOR PROHIBITION.

"The material ruin of tens of thousands of families," says Archbishop Messmer, "and the moral ruin of tens of thousands of young men and women can be traced to the saloon. It is this universal fact, not fanaticism, that has caused a tidal wave of prohibition to roll over the land."

A nation that can borrow of its citizens nine billion dollars in a year does not need to dicker with brewers, distillers or liquor dealers for money to carry on the war.—The Commoner.



Women all over the world realize more and more that their work at home helped the men at the front. It involved great sacrifices, hard work and unusual physical strength. Women at home should study nursing for the home. A good way to learn is to ask your druggist for a copy or send 50c to publishers of the "Medical Adviser," 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and get a copy of their 1,000 page book, bound in cloth, with chapters on First Aid, Taking Care of the Sick or Wounded, Physiology, Hygiene, Anatomy, Sex Problems, Mother and Babe. Nobody, man or woman, can do good work when health is impaired. If a woman is nervous or has dizzy spells, suffers from awful pains at regular or irregular intervals she should turn to a tonic made up of herbs, and without alcohol, which makes weak women strong and sick women well. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10 cents for trial package.

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—Mrs. Della M. Knisley, 1844 W. 28th St.

Often the Cause.

"That Kaiser Bill was a bad actor." "Yes," said Mr. Stormington Barnes. "And like many another bad actor he was so busy getting his name in big type on the billboards that he failed to see the handwriting on the wall."

You never can know how superior to other preparations Dr. Perry's "Best Shot" is until you have tried it once. A single dose cleans out Worms or Tapeworm. Adv.

Where Daddy Was Lucky.

Mary watched interestedly while her father anchored his flu mask to his ears and then said "Isn't it nice, mother, that daddy has such 'normous big ears?'"

He Knew Willie.

Uncle Jim (after a visit)—I want to buy Willie a present that will be useful and that he will keep as long as possible. What would you suggest? Willie's Dad—A cake of soap.

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